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THE OPERATION OF THE PROPOSED NEW CODE.

GOVERNOR CORNELL:—"I think this man *does* need a little Reduction."

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

IN PREPARATION:

PUCK ON WHEELS

[No. 2.]

PUCKOGRAPH No. 4,

BY

JOSEPH KEPPLER,

which accompanies this number is that of

BOB INGERSOLL.

THE "ILLUSTRIOUS INFIDEL,"

as he appears on the platform—from a sketch taken by
greased electricity.

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PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A WALL has gone up to the heavens out of dandy-dom—the National Guardsman of the State of New York weeping for his uniform, and will not be comforted because it is not. The New Code takes away from him all his spangles and gold lace, all the clinking and flashing accoutrements that made him pretty in the eyes of Manhattan's maidens. The stern and unfeeling minions of the government have decreed he shall come down to the practical and unpicturesque level of the poor "regular" who, out on the frontier, in shabby blue blouse and baggy trousers, fights Indians, eats hard-tack and blacks the officers' boots. Not, of course, that *they*, our gallant militiamen, are to be required to do these dreadful things; but they are to be put on the same social footing as the men who do.

It must, indeed, cause a sensitive heart to bleed, the thought of the awful ravages which this Draconian code will work in our best society. Think of the horrors which these fine-strung defenders of their country must undergo! Think of the blush of shame that must mantle young Geordie Van Tralalalar's cheek when he marches down Fifth Avenue for the first time in the hateful regulation uniform! Picture to yourself the averted eyes of those fair maids, enshrined in second-story windows all along the line of march—the eyes that were wont to brighten at sight of his immature but natty form garbed in most of the colors of the rainbow and delicately picked out with gold lace.

Now that form is indistinguishable among the other sober figures in the ranks. And Geordie will go home and fling himself upon the sofa, and call for his mama to sprinkle cologne upon his head, and weep with him over the departed glories of the N. G. S. N. Y.

But though the New Code will probably make miserable the many Geordie Van Tralalalars in our dandy regiments, there can be little doubt that it will do the whole service good. There are many able-bodied, sensible men in our militia regiments; and it is this class who will remain under the new laws. The baby boys and young bloods who thought it a fine thing to turn their armory into something between a cheap club-house and a bear-garden will go elsewhere to look for more comfortable quarters. Those who stay will give us a useful militia organization. Hitherto a parade of the N. G. S. N. Y. has looked like a section of a circus-procession in a town where there was no law against juvenile performances. Henceforth, if the New Code is permitted to go into operation, the young men will look like soldiers, and we shall have some reason to believe that they will act like soldiers when we have need of them. There is but one really objectionable provision in the stringent code—that is the one cutting down the "Creedmoor" appropriation. No money was ever wasted in teaching a soldier to handle a gun.

Mr. Moses Isaacs of Chatham Street is perhaps a "sheeny;" but then he vos a shaindleman, un' don' you forket it! He does not propose to be debarred from the heavenly delights of Manhattan Beach just because Mr. Corbin objects to the hook in his nose and the odor of his lunch-basket. Ingenuity circumvents all things. The sea, at least, is free to the down-trodden Hebrew, and he proposes, this season, to go down to the sea in a summer hotel—yes, my shield! We learn with pleasure that arrangements have been made for constructing a lofty floating palace, elegantly laid out in flats for private families and business offices, which will be towed down through the bay and anchored off Coney Island. And then Mr. and Mrs. Moses Isaacs can stand triumphantly on the quarter-deck and flash their diamonds on the discomfited Christian hordes on shore, and call with a loud voice unto their first-born, saying: "Shakey, come der etch of dot deck by, and put your fingers your nose mit, und wink mit your eye dem Ghristians at!"

Mr. Feuardent has published his "Card No. 2," a neat document illustrating in a simple way the touching case of an Egyptian stone man whom General di Cesnola dug up in Cyprus, and who is now making acquaintance with the citizens of the new world under peculiarly disadvantageous circumstances. A gentleman of stone, especially if of Egyptian origin, may well be supposed to be of a callous and unimpressible disposition. But even the coldest of carven individuals, if originally of symmetrical form, must feel keenly the unpleasantness of being introduced to a large and intelligent nation as an archaeological abortion, with one shoulder half as thick again as the other, hips rather smaller than his shapely waist, a head-dress of more startlingly ornate form than the fashion which obtained in his own historical period, and his hair "done up" behind, much as if it were in a chignon. If it be only out of justice to the outraged feelings of this statue, General di Cesnola ought to afford himself an opportunity of disproving, once for all, the accusation of Mr. Feuardent that he is responsible for these liberties taken with a reputable stone gentleman.

President Garfield, by his withdrawal of all the New York nominations except that of Judge Robertson for Collector of the Port of New York, has rather astonished the country. Nobody, perhaps, feels more surprised than Senator Conkling. We doubt if he can yet believe it to be true. He has so long been accustomed to look upon himself as an autocrat—not only of the State of New York, but of the United States itself—that he cannot understand how even the President should attempt to call his authority into question. With our atrocious system of senatorial-territorial patronage it is, of course, utterly impossible to expect to get the right men in the right places—but the worst enemies of President Garfield will admit that, with one or two exceptions, his nominations have not been undesirable ones.

He has shown a sincere desire, we think, to please everybody, so far as was consistent with the duty of a President who owed his position to Republican votes. But Mr. Conkling was determined not to be satisfied. He cannot forgive Mr. Garfield for being elected, to the exclusion of General Grant, to whom Mr. Conkling hoped to be what Mr. Blaine is now to President Garfield—his right hand man. The deadlock in the Senate, by which the business of the country has been delayed, was caused in a great measure by Mr. Conkling who, after all, is nothing more than a mere tricky, bump-tious politician, who has no more right to the title of statesman than an elephant has to be called a gazelle.

This wretched Riddleberger business, this truckling to Mahone, this perpetual talk about himself and his power have made Mr. Conkling, in the eyes of the country, something more than a nuisance. We rejoice that President Garfield has taken the first steps to curb this man's insolence. We are not aware that the country is beholden to Mr. Conkling for wise legislation of any kind. He is not that sort of a man. All he cares for is to have a parcel of miserable place-hunters hanging to his skirts and to patronize them, when it suits him to do so. At first sight it might appear undignified that the President should have withdrawn names that were supposed to have been sent in after due consideration, but by the patronage system in the Senate there was no other course left to him.

The names that he withdrew were small-fry pets of Mr. Conkling; the name that he did not withdraw was that of Judge Robertson for Collector of the Port of New York—the President's own nomination. This was really the only way to force the question to an issue, to find out whether Mr. Conkling or Mr. Garfield was at the head of affairs. Mr. Conkling can no longer fritter away the time of the Senate in passing on his own nominations and shelving Judge Robertson, who naturally is distasteful to him, until next session. He has to decide whether or not he will have Judge Robertson, and thus show his attitude towards the administration. Mr. Conkling's authority, power and influence are at stake, and he is just vain enough and weak enough to declare war. We sincerely hope that he may be worsted in this unholy and unrepugnant struggle. The atmosphere of the Senate-Chamber is foul with the contemptible huckstering and bartering of offices. The record of the Republican party is not so good that its so-called leaders can afford to fight among themselves for the spoils. The country relies on President Garfield's firmness at this crisis—firmness that will not only put a stop to the lofty pretensions of Senator Conkling, but also those of other Senators who may be inclined to follow in his footsteps.

A COOL REQUEST.

THE Elevated Railroads are always doing something to advertise themselves. The latest mode of achieving this is their following the example of the great untaxed Vanderbilt, by asking the city, through Mayor Grace, to be relieved of their taxes.

Mr. Gallaway, the President of the Manhattan Company, makes an admirable plea for charity to his corporation. He says that the structures are growing old and shaky, and that the roads were built solely for the benefit of the public—the question of the shareholders making any profit being very far from their minds.

It appears there is something like \$1,650,000 due to the city by these roads, and, as things are looking, we suppose the city will have some time to wait before it gets the amount.

But this does not trouble us so much as the enormous impertinence of these corporations in making such a proposition. If these companies had organized their roads on an honest basis, and on that basis had been unable to make their enterprise pay, we should have been among the first to advocate the remission of their taxes. But the roads have not been organized on an honest basis. The actual cost of them, according to their own figures—and they are not such as we should like to swear to—is something in the neighborhood of \$18,000,000. At the rate of fare it would have made a magnificent return for the outlay, and have quickly enriched its stockholders. But the companies have overreached themselves by "watering" or inflating their stock and bonds to thirty-four millions of dollars more than is represented by the property. On some of these bonds as much as ten per cent. has to be paid, and the Manhattan Company is on the verge of bankruptcy.

We are heartily glad of it. We want to see all the roads in bankruptcy—that is the proper place for them. When they have got through this interesting ordeal there may then be some chance of their falling into proper hands, and efforts being made to protect the passengers who travel in the trains.

Perhaps the "block" system may then be adopted, and trains not allowed to follow one after another in a most abominably reckless manner. Possibly the most curious feature of this Elevated Railroad business was the getting of the stock on the Stock Exchange. It was soon evident that, sodden as the enterprise was, it could never pay a legitimate dividend. The stock was simply there to be a football for the bulls and the bears. How could it possibly yield anything to the investor when enormous rates of interest were being paid on fictitious values? We are now quietly waiting for the end, which cannot be very far off, of these queerly conducted roads under their present management. We want to see the holders of first mortgage bonds foreclose, and run the roads on the original capital. They will probably make more money than the projectors and waterers, but then they will do it by legitimate means.

Much as we should like to see these things, we fear we shall yet have a little time to wait, for we do not think that matters, in spite of President Gallaway's piteous appeal for mercy, are quite so bad as he makes out; but the catastrophe must come, sooner or later.

Whether it comes or not, Mr. Gallaway may rest assured that the City of New York is not going to be merciful. It will be a very Shylock in getting the full value of its bond—but it will be a little more successful than was that gentleman. It is useless for Mr. Gallaway to get persons to write to the papers, showing how sweet and kind the Elevated Roads are to the people and how little the people will appreciate the kindness.

It will not prevent sensible men from seeing that the directors of the Manhattan, Metropoli-

tan and New York Elevated Companies—or whatever the extraordinary complication or admixture may consist of—want to make the City of New York pay the loss on their alleged bad speculations—speculations which, if they are bad, are so owing to the mean and grasping management of the men who went into them.

The Elevated Railroads were begun in bad faith and are likely to end in disaster; but whatever may be the result, nothing can be more remarkable or wonderful than Mr. Gallaway's extraordinary proposition.

MEDICAL BULLDOZING.

MISS ANNIE MORGAN thinks that Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, in 1878, so drenched her system with nux vomica or strychnine that she is now debilitated for life; wherefore she sues Dr. Lewis A. Sayre for \$25,000. Perhaps Dr. Sayre is guilty of the gross negligence alleged, and the plaintiff will get her money. Perhaps he is not guilty, and she will have to go without it. Whatever be the event, Dr. Sayre is entitled to a full and fair trial.

But to nothing more. Certainly not to the outrageous advantage which his lawyer proposed to take on Thursday of last week, when a motion was made, before Judge Donohue, to "compell Miss Morgan to submit to an examination by Drs. T. G. Thomas, Thomas A. Emmet, Montrose A. Pallen and A. D. Nicoll, in order that the character and causes of her debilitation might be ascertained."

Plaintiff's counsel opposed the motion, and "asserted that it was not made in good faith, but for the purpose of so shocking the plaintiff's delicate and sensitive feelings as to force her to abandon the suit. The fear was expressed that the plaintiff would be surprised on the trial 'because physicians who are in accord and sympathy with the defendant and anxious to shield him from the consequences of the acts charged in the complaint' would introduce technical names and scientific knowledge which, though foreign to the issue, could not be met without much preparation and the assistance of experts."

And Judge Donohue promptly denied Dr. Sayre's modest and considerate request.

Smile, complacent reader, as cheerfully as you please over the vast improvement the world has made upon the days when the courts of law flogged and tortured witnesses to get at the truth! Was ever a more refinedly cruel torture inflicted in those days?

Think of handing a sickly, shrinking woman over to a pack of doctors, who, in the interest of their friend, are at liberty, *by order of the court*, to subject her to an ordeal which, unless imposed in a spirit of kindness and respect, and from dire necessity, is simply a brutal indignity!

We do not think that Dr. Sayre expected that he would be permitted to do anything of the sort. We trust, for his own sake, that his motion was nothing but "bluff" for the purpose indicated by the plaintiff's counsel. In any case it puts Dr. Sayre in a bad light before the people of New York; and the physicians who have, apparently, consented to act for him in the matter make a sorry spectacle of themselves.

Of course, if it were necessary, an examination might have been ordered in this case—but only if made by a proper and impartial physician. We are glad that Miss Morgan's counsel had the sense to meet the issue squarely. The medical profession is doing a good deal to lower its standing in our courts. The average fancy physician who goes on the stand as an expert is now regarded as little less disreputable and untrustworthy than the "professional penman" and expert in handwriting. Doctors who have the honor of their profession at heart will do well to take a hint from the reorganization of the militia and introduce a "New Code" of professional ethics and etiquette.

Puckings.

THE telephone companies need never tell their customers to call again.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD must have been from Chicago—she had so much room in one shoe.

BOB INGERSOLL is right; there is no hell—that is, according to the new version of the Bible.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD has actually scared Senator Conkling, and this, too, without the adventitious aid of a shot-gun.

A HORSE made an attempt to bite one of the visiting county assemblymen the other day. He knew hay-seed when he saw it.

ICE is going to be thirty-five cents a hundred, but the ice-man does his business on the trade-dollar plan—he gives ninety for one hundred.

"TEAR down that flag!" cried the burly British contractor. "Never!" cried the man he addressed. "We'll not tear anything down till we get three dollars a day."

He had been telling her stories of himself, and had done a great amount of bragging; when he had finished she kissed him and murmured: "This is a kiss for a blow."

"THE ONLY lady that ever impressed me much," said an old bachelor, "was a three hundred pound woman, who was standing in a car and when the car turned a corner fell against me."

WHERE R YOU?

Oh, gentle oyster from the bay,
You vanished when came in May-day!
In months not cool, you haste afar!
Oh, come again in months that R!

LITTLE RHODY.

Rhode Island is so small a State,
No room for air to circulate,
And all they get is raised by fans,
Or else, like fruit, it comes in cans.

MRS. VICTORIA wants a statue erected in Westminster Abbey to Beaconsfield. She would do it at her own expense, but she unfortunately gave away, in the dark, a shilling in mistake for a farthing the other night, and she positively cannot afford it.

HE CAME into the office and said: "You see, my brothers are shoemakers, and they mended my shoes. Now, why am I like Jacob of Biblical history?" We gave it up. "Why, because I was soled by my brothers." The inquest on him will be held to-day.

PROFESSOR CHANDLER says in his usual ready and wonderfully zealous manner that oilmargarine, as an article of food, is perfectly and sublimely wholesome. This, of course, settles the question for ever and ever, but, all the same, why should not the manufacturers be compelled to dye oilmargarine pink?

VIRGIL informs us, *Æneis*, lib. IV, 275, that *Æneas* called on Dido one summer night and inquired tenderly:

"Ibis-ne in festivitatem hoc vespertino?"

"Non hoc vespertino."

"Forsitan in alio vespertino?"

"Bonum vespertinum!"

And he lit out. (*Atque eluxit.*)

THE SENSATION OF THE DAY IN 1981.



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR PROPHETIC ARTIST.

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

OTHELLO—ACT II.

The young wife chides Iago for ungallant speech, but finds no fault with the master of the ship who has been sailing her all the way from Venice.—[Sc. 1.]

Desdemona was a pure, white rose from the garden of Italy, and Iago was a guardin' er.—[Sc. 1.]

The ancient who had been "listed" years since, had become such a cracked and windy chap that he again tells Roderigo to "list me."—[Sc. 1.]

Although Iago was bent on depriving Cassio of his "lieutenantry," he was well satisfied to retain Roderigo as purser.—[Sc. 1.]

The lieutenant is guilty of a "personal lie" in promising Othello that he will look to the guard.—[Sc. 3.]

While the general was feasting in the dining-room the ancient served his friends with wine from the stoop.—[Sc. 3.]

Cassio's head was so delicately balanced that a single drachm turned the scale.—[Sc. 3.]

Iago, the insidious leech, under pretense of re-Galen Cassio, tries to "fasten but one 'up' upon him."—[Sc. 3.]

Charmed with Iago's vocal variations the lieutenant desires of him "annex-a-Lent song," as being appropriate to the occasion.—[Sc. 3.]

Montano, cognizant that the watch was too slow, proposed to set it.—[Sc. 3.]

The false friend of Cassio expressed a fear that he would "shake this island;" when that was just what Iago wanted.—[Sc. 3.]

Othello, entering among the brawlers, urges them to "hold!" not knowing how much they already held.—[Sc. 3.]

What a pregnant hint to politicians and diners-out there is in Cassio's confession: "I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak."—[Sc. 3.]

It was the lieutenant's sword, rather than the ancient's honesty and love, that 'minced' the matter.—[Sc. 3.]

Cassio, I love thee; but never more be "off"—is where the general should have stopped.—[Sc. 3.]

At first Cassio bewailed the loss of three reputations, with repetitions; but afterward reduced the lost to the one.—[Sc. 3.]

The deposed officer rails at the last turn of fortune, its "checks" being unsatisfactory, he tells Iago: "You are in the right," sadly conscious that the speaker was left.—[Sc. 3.]
JOHN ALBRO.

THAT WAS WHY.

Why standeth Hannah by the gate
Alone with gloomy brow?
Alphonso cometh not, 'tis late,
The gate swings idly now.
But little Hannah kens the woes,
Her lover's dire strait,
Alphonso breaks his new spring shoes,
He cannot strike the gait. P. W.

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

CHOCKINGUE!

A mother crossed the raging deep,
Of twins she had a pair,
They slept at night in her roomiest trunk
And suffer'd from malle de mère.
E. F. C.

IN HOC.

Whether Whittaker's ears
Were cut by *his* shears,
Or were slit by the villains that bound him,
He won by that game
More friends and more fame
Than ever his wits could have found him.

"As we mark hogs" they sarved him
The night that they carved him;
So let him who this dark martyr sees
Say: "You fortunate nigger,
To have cut such a figure!"
And add: "In hog signo vinces!"
RICARDO.

THE SPRING HORROR.

And now house-cleaning time has come,
The bleakest of the year,
When from his home at morn and eve
Each man does gladly steer,
When all the rooms throughout the house
Are cold and damp and drear,
When house-wife with her brush and broom
Is up upon her ear.
Ah, when those signs of misery
Within his home appear,
The wise man goes to a saloon
And calmly sips his beer.

IGNORANCE.

Why in the Spring one lazy grows
No fellow knows;
Why in the Spring a raw wind blows
No Vennor knows;
Why in the Spring maids buy clocked hose
No father knows;
Why in the Spring chaps don't propose
No maiden knows;
Why in the Spring red is the nose
No toper knows;
Why in the Spring we want shad-roes
No fish-man knows;
Why in the Spring his tenant goes
No landlord knows;
Why in the Spring wives want new clothes
No husband knows;
Why in the Spring girls seek new beaus
No lover knows.
A. I.

TALK ABOUT YOUR RUSSIAN BOMB-THROWERS.



THE AMERICAN BANANA-PEEL FIEND IS THEIR MASTER IN THE ART OF DESTRUCTION.

A SIGN OF THE SEASON.



PREPARING FOR THE SUMMERING CITIZEN.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THIS is the time of the year when the old Jersey granger, sniffing the summer air off, calls his family about him and observes:

"Well, I guess it's 'baout time we put the advertisement in the papers and get the old shanty down in the caow-pasture ready agin the summer. Got to get one month's rent out of the city-folks, anyway."

"I dunno," dubiously replies Ebenezer Salathiel, his eldest son: "I dunno 's there's another year to be got out of the old shanty. She was blown acrost the ten-acre lot, time of the last blizzard, 'n' she ain't never been no good sence—kinder broke in the back."

"Got to fix her up somehow," returns the honest tiller of the soil: "where is she naow?"

"Over near the caow-trough," replies Uncle Japhet Sylvanus.

The chief agriculturalist muses.

"That'll do fustrate," he concludes: "We'll advertise fishin' 'n' boatin' 'n' bathin'."

And then they all go out and hunt for the shanty, and find it slowly collapsing all by itself on the lee side of a small hill.

Ebenezer Salathiel, being the lightest weight and the most agile climber of the lot, ascends gingerly to the roof and makes a faint pretense of patching up the holes with the wreck of an old chicken coop, while Uncle Japhet Sylvanus, being aged and infirm, contents himself with the light work of propping up the sides of the structure with fence-rails. John Pettingill Habakkuk, the younger son, who has rather an artistic temperament, ascends a small ladder, and generously slathers about fifteen cents' worth of paint over the barest places on the walls. Meanwhile the head of the house potters around and lays out the accessories, which consist principally of signs calling attention to the various charms of the place and warning people to keep off the grass; a notification

more or less superfluous, for the grass keeps off itself.

"Here's that thar croky set," says the old man, as he fishes out from a lonely corner three shaky hoops and two battered balls, with a paintless stake to keep them company: "but there ain't no hammer—whatcher call em?"

"Mallets," suggests John Pettingill: "thar's the old beetle on the wood-pile—'tain't no good no more—give 'em that."

"Good boy," the bucolic parent is moved to remark, approvingly: "you've got the head, John Pettingill. Don't you go to wasting no paint under the eaves, though."

"Dad," suggests Ebenezer Salathiel, moved to ambition by this praise of his younger brother: "thar's thet old razor-back hog in the puddle. Couldn't ye kinder label him 'Hunting,' or something like that? 'I wouldn't hurt him none of the city-folk did shoot at him, he's so tough."

"Sho!" replies the old man: "I wouldn't have 'em a-shootin' raound here—'twould fill the pond all up with buckshot. Say, you Japh Sylvanus, ain't you got that sign sot out over the hoss-trough?"

Uncle Japhet meekly excuses himself.

"Wa-al, I kinder didn't know if 'twas fishin' or bathin'. There's pollywogs into the trough."

And so the good work goes bravely on, and the next day there appears in the *New York Herald*:

FOR SALE OR TO LET, AT BLIMBLANKVILLE CORNERS, N. J., the beautiful country house and estate known as Lonsdale Manor. Fine fishing, boating and bathing. Ample lawn for croquet, lawn-tennis, etc. For terms, etc., apply to Eliphalet Skewgun, Blimblankville Corners P. O.

A WARNING.

A muscular female of York
Grew plumper on hot roasted pork,
'Till subtle trichinae,
To spirally mine her,
Voluntarily got in their work. P. W.

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

I.
REPORTS are spreading through the land
That Garfield's wife and he
Both foreign lingoers understand,
And speak them gracefully;
And that when foreign plenipos
Drop in on them to tea,
The wheel of conversation goes
In strange tongues merrily.

II.
And there's more truth in those reports
Than you will often see
In rumors of things done at courts
In lands not quite so free;
For, though the Garfields did not use
Strange tongues in Ohio,
Yet now their language they infuse
With lots of strange lingo.

III.
They certainly use French—perfumes,
And real old Castile—soap,
And Persian—carpets in their rooms,
And choice East Indian—rope;
And English—hedges, by the paths
Around their house, they use;
And they use Russian—vapor baths
As often as they choose.

IV.
They sometimes use high German—cheese,
And sweet Italian—wines;
And at tea-time they use Chinese,
And oft Brazilian—pines;
And they use Swedish—servant-girls,
And new Egyptian—figs;
And sometimes they use Malay—pearls,
And real old Irish—jigs.

V.
And so, it must be very clear,
The President and wife
Do suit their language to their sphere,
And their new mode of life;
And do their gift of tongues display,
While in the White House living,
Yet they *talk* English every day,
And Turkey at Thanksgiving.

ARTHUR LOT.

BROKE UP.

WHILE deafened by loud cannons' roar,
Begirt about with muskets' rattle,
Grim weariness my eyelids bore,
And sleep embraced me midst the battle.

When blasts careening o'er the deep
Al oft have hurled the angry billow,
In hammock swung, soft, gentle sleep
In wildest storms has sought my pillow.

Ere Pullman reigned o'er all the rail
With bumper, chair and dainty bedding,
Though straight-back seat made comfort fail,
I've snored from Washington to Reading.

But now, from ten till dewy morn,
My nights are spent in restless turning,
In counting jumping sheep forlorn,
Yet never close my eyeballs burning.

No sweet deep sleep, no rest at night—
The reason that such terrors may be,
And what has brought me to this plight?
I'm wedded, and—have—got—a—baby.

PRIME WARD.

EXCISE IN HARLEM.

WHAT Oakland is to San Francisco,
Camden to Philadelphia, Covington
to Cincinnati, Georgetown to Wash-
ington, New Albany to Louisville, Brookline
to Boston, Weehawken to Jersey City, Gowanus
to Brooklyn, East St. Louis to St. Louis, Edge-
field to Nashville and Greenbush to Albany,
the meek and unpretentious borough of Har-
lem is to the imperial city of New York.

Harlem is a suburb. Its chief industry is
the maintenance of feed-stores. It has a large
river front, a district court-house, and a square
called Mount Morris. Many excellent and
worthy New Yorkers have never been in Har-
lem. It is within the corporate limits of the
city and is subject to the same laws and ordi-
nances.

There exists in New York—though it is
not generally known—what is called an excise
law, which forbids the retailing of spirituous
liquors, malt ale and lager beer on Sunday.
There is a fiction extant that this law is ob-
served in other forms than the closing of the
front door and the opening of a side one. But,
as the most searching investigation has failed to
reveal any basis for the belief, it is not improb-
ably an error.

In Harlem, however,
serious heed is paid to
its provisions, as the
receipts of the several
places are small and un-
certain, and the bar-
tenders, being hands new
to the business, lack that
grip of the situation
which distinguishes their
more fortunate brethren
of the city proper.

They are therefore,
after the manner of all
uncertain people, sus-
picious to a degree, and
as the partaking of a
drink is in Harlem an im-
portant matter, known
it would appear to every
one in the place, the
stranger within its gates
—metaphorically speak-
ing—runs the risk of be-
ing mistaken for a police
spy, seeking to entrap
the unwary.

It was a balmy day in the summer of 1880,
a Sunday, the month August. The streets of
Harlem had been swept and garnished and
were completely denuded of vehicles. The air
wafted in a lazy wind from the great city was
almost stifling. The leaves which fell from the
trees neither flew abroad nor fell heavily; they
drifted by slight degrees to the ground. The
perfumes which freighted it did not make the
atmosphere more clear. Every evidence of in-
dustry was hushed and still. The birds twittered
and warbled a little, as if half conscious there
was no one to hear them. The grass, which
in Harlem grows tall and sturdily between
the pavements, seemed to feel that it was no
liberty to be very green at such a time. Har-
lem River was very smooth, and the oars which
touched its bosom gently plashed softly and
seemed muffled. Not even the whistling of an
occasional river boat shattered the rhythm of
the scene, and when the captain had to ring his
bell he did it, as it were, apologetically.

In fact, about the only license a "fly" man
would take would be to breathe and perhaps
muse a little. Willful, aggressive, intellectual
natures become thoughtful at such a time.
The "Deserted Village" appears before them.
They rub their hands together involuntarily,
and are glad that the Fourth of July is over.
Such are the minds of a few women and nearly
all men.

On the other hand passive, negative, recep-
tive natures, temperaments attuned rather to
reverie than retrospect, feel a sentiment of
universal sympathy—they know not why or
towards what—welling up within them, sway-
ing them and bearing them along. They
cherish the thought and revel in the conscien-
tiousness that the scene before them is sweet, lovely
and touching and yet they yearn for some one
to share its beauties with them. Such is the
temperament of some men and most women.

At all events, nothing could have been pret-
tier. I was standing irresolutely. While the
eyes and spirit feasted, the palate was parched
and dry. I longed for something to moisten
the lips, and hence was glad to note, in front
of a saloon, this sign:

GAMBRINUS!

Cool, Foaming Lager Beer on Draught.

FIVE CENTS PER GLASS.

There were kegs piled before the door, but
I discerned a side-entrance. I went in. I
placed five cents on the counter. I said "beer."
The patrons of the place looked aghast. They
were strange faces. The Teuton raised him-
self to his full height behind the bar and, having
exchanged confidential glances with his friends
said: "Excuses, closes up." "Oh yes," I said,
"that is all right," and I directed his attention
to the five cents. "No go," said the Teuton. I
pointed, mechanically, to those drinking about
the place. "They bought those drinks last
night," said the Teuton, "this is Sunday."

I retired thirsty and abashed. I tried another
place. Same result. Another. The same. At
the fourth the bar-tender was confidential. He
said, "You can report to the police that no
beer or liquor is sold here." I suggested, inci-
dentally, that I was there in a private capacity
and had nothing to do with the administration
of justice. He would not have it. The day,
as aforesaid, was fine. There was not a cloud
in the sky. I felt just as azure, for at no less
than twelve places I was denied a drink (on
repeated tender, in each place, of the appro-
priate amount) and was compelled to witness
others in the unenvied enjoyment of their foam-
ing beverages.

Thus does Nature get the deadwood on man-
kind. Such, I thought, is life. You see Para-
dise through a wire-screen. You hunger and
famish for happiness and get froth on a gold
tray. You wish to swim, the river is full of ice.
You go to a picnic, it begins to rain. You take
the cake, it is all dough. You wed Felicity, but
you lose it. Such were my reflections.

The simplest instinct of self-respect would
suggest to the average New Yorker that, come
what may, he should not allow himself to be
"euchered" in Harlem. So after much thought,
many musings and amid increasing thirst I hit
upon this expedient.

There was a well-to-do tramp, a respectable
itinerate, a Harlem toper, standing near a
lamp-post. His clothes were rather haggard,
his face shiny. He was looking furtively across
the street towards a saloon. Between us this
colloquy ensued:

"Are you well known in Harlem?"

"Yes."

"In the saloons?"

"Yes."

"Owe any money?"

"Would like to."

"Got any now?"

"No."

"Won't you take a
drink?"

"Yes, of course, who
will pay for it?"

"I."

"Brandy and soda?"

"Anything you want"

"What do you take?"

"Beer."

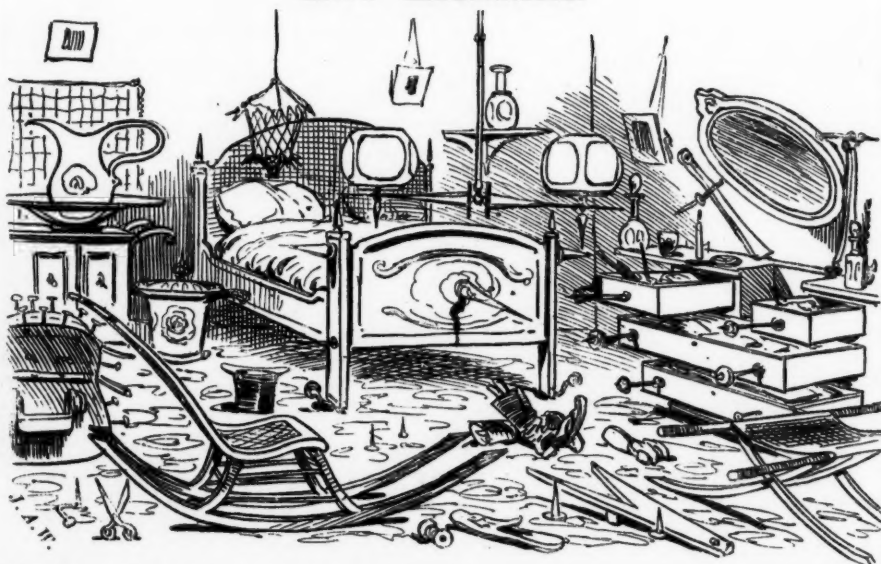
"Come along!"

I followed him. At
this Harlem tramp's ap-
proach every back-door
was opened to him. His
order was: 1 brandy and
soda, 1 beer. By this
means my thirst was
gradually slaked. The
toper enjoyed his picnic.
I thanked him. I paid
for him and left Harlem
a wiser man.

The moral of this tale
is obvious. It is recited
in the first person for a
reason which the reader
will appreciate. It is
true.

ERNEST HARVIER.

MAY MISERIES.



THIS IS THE WAY JONES THOUGHT HIS ROOM WAS FURNISHED WHEN HE AROSE IN THE
STILL NIGHT TO GET THE BOTTLE OF GOOSE-GREASE FOR THE BABY'S THROAT.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXI.
THE MUSIC FESTIVAL.



Ya-as, they have been having a musical festival he-ah. I am not a passionate admirer of this sort of thing myself, but my wife is; therefore I found it necessary to take her to several of the concerts and endeavor to reap glorious enjoyment from the performances.

But to me the business was a bore, although, from a musical point of view and by comparison with similar affairs in Europe, I think the whole arrangement was very creditable—bore America.

Of course, at the Crystal Palace, at New Sydenham, and at Herford and Birmingham, where something of the sort is got up at frequent intervals, they do the thing in an exceedingly superlative manner.

But perhaps it is not exactly right that I should praise foreign festivals at the expense of American ones, when the Americans try to do their best, and will, no doubt, in the course of a century or two be not very far inferior to old-fashioned counties in refinement and ability to manage matters properly.

Aw well, this American festival was held in an armor which is the property of a tolerably decent militia regiment—I think it is the Seventh something or other.

This armor is of very much more than moderate size, and a great platform was erected at one end of it, on which were the choruses, the fellows who played the musical instruments, an organ and a conductor—I have reason to believe his name is a Dam-wosch, or something resembling it, at any rate.

There were some queer pieces of wet cloth hanging from the rafters. I waded my brain in wondering what they were for. I thought at first they were flags or banners or some kind of drape or trophies that had been captured by the regiment in some desperate engagement during a terrific war; but Mrs. Fitznoodle informed me that these things were hanging there simply to improve the acoustic properties of the building. I wonder if the draperies made us hear any better? I desist.

The program was full of the different concerts that were given in this armor were quite extensive, ye know, and, although I can't remember precisely what was interpreted, some of the pieces were strangely familiar.

One piece I was quite certain I had heard before, and on looking at my program I found I was right: it was "The Messiah."

I think I recollect, some years ago, being dragged to hear it at Exeter Hall or somewhere else. I know it made me feel awfully drowsy. However, my wife said it was extremely fine, and, as she is an admirable judge, I must take her word for it. But "The Messiah" is an oratorio, and I don't like oratorios, even if that very tolerable cantatrice did sing in it.

At another concert, I was a little interested in a sort of sacred short opera called "The Tower of Babel." The subject was taken from the early portion of Bible history, when a lot of fellows suddenly found that they could only express themselves to one another in different languages. I liked the thunder and lightning, and the falling down of the structure and the roaring of the wind and of the

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD DUKE



FROM GIRARD POINT TO GREENWICH POINT."

[Begging Mr. Robert Browning's Pardon.]

As a subject for the poet and the painter, SHERIDAN's ride at Winchester must now yield to the ride of G. WASHINGTON CHILDS and the Duke of SUTHERLAND at Philadelphia. This pair of worthies, astride the cowcatcher of a locomotive engine, going from Girard Point to Greenwich Point, would make a noble canvas, and the artist would have a great field in depicting the contrast between the hilarious enjoyment of the duke and the unflinching martyrdom of the bard. Poesie, too, might sing in lofty strains the point of self-immolation to which reverence for a coronet will go; for though the British peer would very likely have been, by preference, an engine driver, had not fate made him a lord, the Philadelphia poet's ambition is rather to amble on a well-fed, gentle Pegasus than to be hurled through space straddling a cowcatcher. To immortalize this ride, G. WASHINGTON CHILDS, A. M., might himself be the fittest minstrel, save that to his well-known, invincible modesty about mentioning himself is joined the exclusive devotion of his muse to obituary verse.—*New York Sun*, May 2d, 1881.

I sprang to the pilot, and Sutherland and Me
We went, and the driver, we went it all three.
"Hold hard!" cried our guide, as the lever he moved—
And, my gracious! to hold on right hard it behooved.
Around went the wheels, and the engine moved off,
And I swallowed a cinder, that caused me to cough.

The wind in my face had a blizzard blow,
While my back was as hot as the place that—you know.
At Smithville I trembled, and Sutherland cried:
"G. W., I hope you're enjoying your ride!"
But I thought I was climbing the heavenly stairs,
To take my dear grandmother quite unawares.

Then I cast loose my waistcoat, my cloth shoes let fall,
Shook off my silk hat, let go necktie and all;
Till at length I came, dreadfully blown, to the end;
And we landed, myself and my nobly-born friend;
And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As the Duke laid me graciously out on the ground.

Which I think I may say, with excusable pride,
Was no more than my due for that cowcatcher ride.

G. W. C., A. M.

wain, all very cleverly expressed by orchestration. Campanini, a tenor, did wathah well, and it was aw pretty to see and hear the feminine cweachahs in white dresses on the platform stand up and sing in chorus at the proper time aw.

STYLE.

Lend me them slippers you've embossed.
She'll borrow them at any cost:
Some friends wots just struck ile
Is at our house, and little Frank,
The baby, she's a-gon' to spank,
And wants to put on style.

JOHN ALBRO.

A FALSE ALARM.

ONE morning, the professor was heard crying, "A bier! a bier!" The men sprang out of their hammocks, barking their shins, bruising their noses and hurting themselves considerably to get out first. When the first one had got out of the tent, he asked the doctor for the beer. The doctor, pointing to a procession of natives who were marching and chanting a dirge and carrying a coffin said: "Young man, there's the bier; but I don't think you can smile on such a solemn occasion." The man then retired in a rage.—*Prof. Slumpenheimer's Travels*.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 29 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

A REVIVAL OF A BAD OLD PRACTICE—FI
(A Pleasant Prospect for the I



MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITHOG. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

ACTION—FIGHTING WHILE THE FIRE BURNS.
(Prospect the Next Four Years.)

AMUSEMENTS.

The NEW YORK MUSIC FESTIVAL passed off so well that Dr. Leopold Damrosch must be in a high state of sympathy. The Seventh Regiment Armory has shown itself a suitable receptacle for large bodies of people, and will probably be frequently used for all manner of purposes, except that of drilling the regiment to which it belongs. The Festival has also proved another thing: that there are large numbers in the immediate vicinity of New York who like, or profess to like, severe musical performances—an evidence that midnight cat concerts, common though they be, have not altogether spoiled the taste of the people for better things. The Honorable F. Fitznoodle has in another column fully expressed his views on the Festival, so it but remains for our humble selves to say that Gerster, Campanini, Whitney and Remmert, and Mrs. Imogen Brown, Miss Antonia Henne, and Messrs. Courtney, Toedt and Stoddard made their warblings heard throughout the vast building with good effect; that Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel" gave certain weather effects in wind and rain that must have made the Washington bureau feel small; that the first concert began with the "Dettingen Te Deum," and the last one, on Saturday evening, ended with Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony;" that the 1200 young ladies who formed part of the chorus looked as well as they sang, and that the "Messiah" and Berlioz's "Grand Messe des Morts" were particularly fine performances.

DALY's summer season, or supplementary season, or whatever you may please to call it, began on Monday night last with W. D. Eaton's "All the Rage." Mr. Frank Hardenbergh was funny, but, to say the truth, we don't think much of the piece. Not to put too fine a point on it, we think that it is rubbish, although, perhaps Chicago audiences may have found beauties in it that more obtuse New Yorkers are unable to detect. Western audiences are generally able to do this sort of thing when New York audiences cannot, which does not say much for the taste and culture of the empire city.

Salvini commenced his farewell performances on Monday night. He appeared as *Othello*. To-night he plays *Macbeth*. The "Gladiator" is announced for Friday, and at the matinée on Saturday "Othello," in which the great tragedian will make his last appearance in the United States—at any rate for some years to come. Mr. J. St. Maur has proved a highly efficient business manager for Salvini during the whole of his American engagement.

The Grayson-Norcross Opera Company presented to a New York audience, at the PARK THEATRE, on Monday evening, the original version of "The Mascot." It is by the author of "Olivette," and, as it abounds in pleasing airs and is well mounted, it is likely to become quite as popular as that opera. We shall have more to say about it in the near future.

Mr. George Knight has lost none of his German-American humor by his travels; neither has Mrs. Knight parted with one whit of her sprightliness, as extensive and highly amused audiences at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE can testify, and "Otto, a German" still flourishes in all its original beauty—not forgetting "the fit."

WALLACK'S THEATRE is crowded with sightseers to enjoy the extraordinary scenic effects of the "World," to say nothing of Messrs. Tearle and Elton's capital acting. Although the piece is not of the traditionally Wallackian stamp, it nevertheless forms a triumphal conclusion of the last season in the old house.

The manager of the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE has also produced "The Mascotte"—that is what *he* calls it—with Miss Emma Howson and other singers known to fame, with an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Frank Howson. This performance shall also have notice at our hands.

Only one week more of the Comley-Barton Company in "Olivette" at HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, when John Howson and Catherine Lewis, and "Bob Up Sincerely," and the "Torpedo and the Whale," and all the rest of it, will leave us—but not for ever, we hope.

Lotta has betaken herself to Brooklyn, where, at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, she is upsetting the

gravity of the inhabitants of the holy city by giving a round of her best characters, such as "Little Nell and the Marchioness," "Musette," and "la Cigale."

The following correspondence explains itself: "New York, May 7, 1881. Dear PUCK: What have you against Miss Mary Anderson and Miss Mary Prescott that you are forever advertising them?—Ernest Harvier." Nothing. What have you?—PUCK.

The sixteenth month of "Hazel Kirke" at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, and we shan't say anything more about it. So, there now!

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.



AM seedy, Egypt, seedy,
Out at elbow is my coat,
And my pantaloons are baggy,
While no collar hides my throat.
Let thy income, Queen, support me,
How 'twill come is not quite clear;
Don't you think that my apparel
Looks astonishingly queer?

Though my scarred and veteran ulster
Shows the effect of many a drunk;
Though a boss plebeian landlord
Has for board withheld my trunk;
Though my tailor won't stand by me
Prompt to do my every will,
I must rag out like a Roman—
Dress the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus hard up,
'Twas himself that pawned his wardrobe,
He alone must drain the cup.
Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star pales dim and gray,
Him that, earning not a dollar,
Madly fooled his clothes away.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Have you credit at the hatter's?
I much need a bran new tile.
Give to Caesar crowns and arches,
Let red wine inflame his nose,
I can scorn the Senate's triumph
If you'll buy me some new clothes.

FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Has she recovered from the Musical Festival?

A CROSS STICK.—A man who toils all through the weary winter, from the time when the first delicate snow-flakes sink like a benison upon a shivering earth to the date when the tender violets of May peep shyly forth from the faint green grass in sequestered nooks—toils right straight along, just to get up one small four-line acrostic, ought not to be balked of the fame he seeks. Here we print your acrostic, and make a free deed of gift thereof to the world at large.

Poets compose, editors dispose,
Under the desk effusions all gose,
Consigned to the worst of the amateur's fose,
Kindest assistant the editor knose—
The waste-basket.

CHARLES D. H.—We regret to say that we cannot use your poem, "The Moon Exposed." In the first place, we don't propose to have the moon's character taken away. The moon is a friend of ours. We stand in with the moon. When she is at the full she brings on attacks of acute mania in amateur poets and other people of feeble intellect, and then they rave and howl, and are locked up in asylums. We owe the moon a debt of gratitude for this. Besides, we don't want to set the example to the rising generation of immortalizing a man who rhymes "mistaken" and "nation," and makes "masquerades" "masquerays," just to commit a similar atrocity. We notice that you head your poem: "Composed by Charles D. H." Well, the next job of composing you ought to do is to compose yourself to eternal slumber.

BOB INGERSOLL.

Perhaps there is no man better known in this country than Colonel Robert Ingersoll, the materialistic lecturer.

The PUCKOGRAPH which accompanies this number may be considered a good portrait of the gentleman.

He is a powerful and eloquent speaker, and apparently draws large and paying audiences wherever he goes.

He is of the west, western, and perhaps this is the reason that the matter of his lectures is not so fresh and original as it might be.

We do not propose to discuss the question of the truth or falsehood of his doctrines—there may be a little of both in them; but then he is to some extent an Ohio man.

He was born in the western part of this State.

His father was a Presbyterian clergyman, but it is needless to say that he did not follow in his father's footsteps. He can make more money by lecturing on his particular hobby.

The New York Times is responsible for the statement that he earns from \$40,000 to \$70,000 a year, and that he spends most of his income.

He is also said to give away a great deal in charity. If this be true, Mr. Ingersoll sets a good example to many who differ very widely from him on the subject of religion and are not distinguished for their unselfishness.

BEN FRANKLIN.

"LIVES OF GREAT MEN ALL REMIND US."

As a boy I was brought up to venerate great men (*i. e.*, men whom the world called great), and the bringing-up was strengthened by the moral tales of which my "readers" abounded. I was always restive, I know, under these admonitions to "read, study and imitate" those bald-headed reprobates, and I propose to show what an especial old fraud Ben Franklin was, and tell the world some new facts regarding him.

In the first place Franklin was, as many will be surprised to learn, nothing but a mere low-lived printer—a "typo." I have undoubted evidence to prove it. That he was guilty of a good many other crimes I have no doubt, but I would be the last to malign a man without the most positive evidence. It is known that a great many persons died right in the vicinity of where he lived; but the reader must draw his own inferences.

It was a common habit of Franklin, and one of the blackest traits of his character, to walk about the streets with a loaf of bread under each arm. The desire the man had to make himself conspicuous is simply sickening. And yet the world calls him great! Why, I know a hundred fellows who could take two loaves of bread under each arm and not exert themselves a particle.

He was also guilty of the most childish practices. After he was gray-haired and old enough to know better, he used to do nothing but fly kites. Fly kites, indeed! Why, didn't he get down on his knees and play marbles, and yell for the companion of his infantile sports to "knuckle down"? He never touched his kite, either, in pleasant weather, so that the children could share the pastime and gladden their dear innocent little hearts with the spectacle, but always waited for dismal thunder-storms. He never showed a single lovable strait in his life, and it was just blind luck that ever made people give him a single thought.

His own mother, who of course knew what his real character was, used to lock up the spoons and hide her movable valuables whenever he came to see her.

I have documentary evidence, and will produce it whenever called upon by my lords and compeers, to show that of all the articles commonly accredited to Franklin, not one of them was written by him. How couldn't he when he didn't even know how to write? He did compose a poem once, which he dictated to an amanuensis, entitled "Beautiful Snow," and which runs this way:

"Oh!—"

EDWARD WINSLOW.

* We are compelled to shut our correspondent up here. No living creature shall ever work that poem off on us.

ED. PUCK.

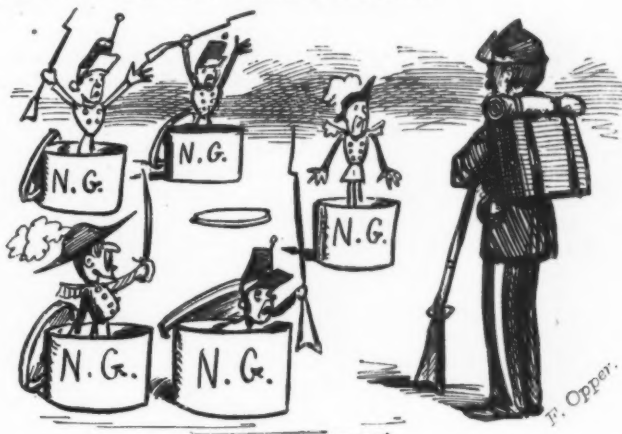
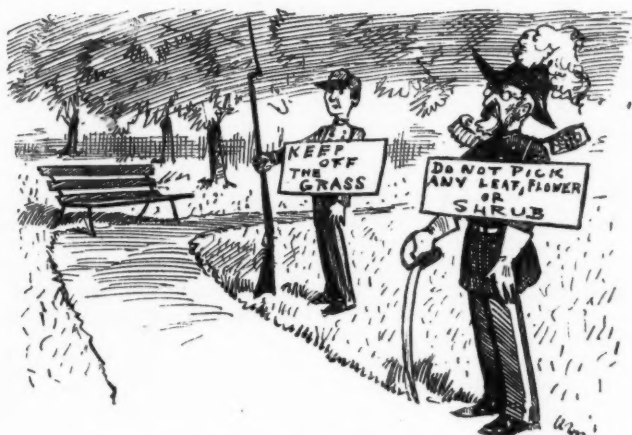
THE REDUCTION OF THE MILITIA.—Sketches of Probable and Possible Results.



Coming down to Soldiers' Rations.



The Fancy Colonels will have to go into Camp all by Themselves.

CHORUS OF NATIONAL GUARDSMEN:—"What! Reduce us to *his* level?"

Why not Make the Reduced Beauties Useful in the Parks?



Or as Peripatetic Drinking Fountains?



Or in Connection with the Fire Department?

"PENELOPE."

From the French of Ludovic Halévy.

CHAPTER V.

WITH the exception of the estimable old gentleman who takes you into a corner and gives you his reminiscences of the Loco-focos and the Barnburners, and tells you what he said to Henry Clay when that lofty-minded statesman came to a realizing sense of the superiority of conscious rectitude to the empty honors of the Presidency, no American indulges in an active political memory good, so to speak, for a longer term than four years. Consequently few people will remember the events that gave a valid excuse for the presence of the "Penelope" in the harbor of Lima, one year and six weeks after the day on which she set sail from Norfolk.

Therefore we may be excused for a brief statement. An enterprising American—he happened to be a naturalized Irishman—had organized a scheme to run a railroad from Lima, Peru, to Bahia, Brazil. He had incorporated the Lima, Tlémtilapan and South Bahia Junction R. R. Co., with \$11,000,000 capital stock subscribed by five capitalists hitherto unknown to the world of finance, to be paid up when the remaining \$9,000,000 of shares of the original issue were taken up by the populace at large, on cash terms. He had begun to build his railroad, too. Now, this was a most harmless and inoffensive proceeding. The enterprising American had bought and paid for, quite honestly, fifty or sixty acres of waste land about ten miles out of Lima, the consideration therefor being seven dollars and fifty cents U. S. money, and three knives and a sickle to

an agricultural half-breed who owned part of the property. All that the pioneer of civilization desired was to lay a half-a-mile of condemned tramway rails and to set up a dépôt and a gravel sifter, just in order to report the road partly built and in active progress. The Peruvians, however, did not understand the modesty of the American's ideas. They thought that he was actually about to introduce a gigantic improvement; and ten students from the local college went out, masked, one dark night, and tore up his rails. Then the enterprising American appealed to his government, and got an amount of free advertising that enabled him to sell a half-a-million of stock in one week.

The "Penelope" had been sent to Lima to protect the rights of the enterprising American. As our government had never before been known to do anything of the kind, the Peruvians were first surprised, and then scared, and sought to conciliate the representatives of the U. S. Navy by inviting them out to dinners and balls, pending the negotiations for the trial of the ten rioters, who were smoking cigarettes and posing as heroes in front of the best cigar-store in town.

The great question of the L., T. and S. B. J. R. R. came up in Congress at the extra session. The British Consular Agent at Lima had discovered that the agricultural half-breed's title to the land was not valid. He had deeded it in 1838, to an Englishman, since dead, for two machetes and a twist of tobacco. Hence international complications. Several members from cotton-shipping ports wanted to know if it was the intention of the government to plunge the United States into a sanguinary war with Great Britain. Other members from the interior responded that the Queen in the Tower of London should not be permitted to dictate to this free republic. The affair was discussed in Cab-

inet council. The general impression seemed to be that the cotton members had rather the best of the argument. Cotton has taken precedence of patriotism once or twice in our national history. It looked very much as if the "Penelope" would be ordered home without delay.

Mrs. Eli Bigbee wrote to the High Official on the 25th of June. She might have spared herself the trouble, for her wishes had been anticipated. On the 24th of June it was reported in the Washington papers that:

"Mr. Smithjames (*Ind., Ohio.*) in the House to day replied to the speech of Mr. Batting, of Louisiana, on the question of action upon the Lima outrage. Mr. Smithjames spoke for nearly an hour, and evoked the wildest enthusiasm. At the close of his address the resolution voting \$125,000 to put the three gunboats now on the stocks in the Navy Yard into sea-going condition at once was passed by a nearly unanimous vote. Mr. Smithjames said that the time had come for America to assert her own supremacy in American waters, and to establish forever the sacred doctrines with which the revered name of Monroe must eternally be associated. He deprecated the attitude of those unpatriotic guardians of the public honor, who, swayed by selfish and interested motives and base regard for groveling gain, were willing to permit an arrogant foreign power to place its foot upon the neck of American enterprise on the soil of this continent. He paid an eloquent tribute to the courage and devotion in the cause of civilization of the promoters of the Lima, Tlémtilapan and South Bahia Junction R. R., and prophesied that if the English Government were once allowed to interfere in our relations with the South American States, the inevitable result would be a repetition of the

horrors preceding the war of 1812. The member drew a graphic picture of a state of affairs under which any brave whaler from our seaboard towns, any honest mercantile traveler, with, perhaps, a loving family in some fair village on the Ohio or in the Mississippi valley, might be torn from the deck of an American ship, pressed into the service of the British navy, and, did he refuse to lift his hand against the country that gave him birth and her sacred hearths, those domestic altars of liberty for which his fathers bled, might be hanged, a bleeding corpse, from the yard-arm of a British frigate."

The glorious outburst of the Hon. Mr. Smith-james carried the day. The tide of feeling turned. The Secretary of the Navy ordered the "Penelope" to remain at Lima, and the Secretary of State set himself to work answering diplomatic notes from the British Foreign Office.

But the *Clarion and Preserver*, the Washington organ of the Jeffersonian democracy, reported the speech of the Hon. Mr. Smithjames thus:

"Smithjim, the alleged Independent blow-hard from Ohio, and the well-known henchman and mouthpiece of a notorious Official occupying a high position, yesterday made a spread-eagle speech in the House, advocating war with Great Britain and a tyrannical interference in the affairs of Peru, and succeeded in getting the infamous gun-boat job resolution passed by a strict party vote."

Yet, in spite of the attitude of the *Clarion and Preserver*, Congress adjourned, leaving the "Penelope" at Lima, and the Secretary of State penned up in hot and dusty Washington, writing diplomatic notes to the official minions of Her Britanic Majesty.

Thus is the history of a nation shaped to influence the fancy of a young and attractive woman.

But even the influence of a young woman has to yield to Fate. On the 30th day of July the Treasurer of the L., T. and S. B. J. R. R. ran away with all the money there was in the safe; and the company went informally into bankruptcy. The books fell into the hands of the stockholders, the newspapers "teemed" with startling disclosures, and the enterprising American down in Peru put himself under the protection of the British flag and sailed for Australia. The "Penelope" was ordered home in a quiet and unostentatious way, and the news of her movements did not get into the papers. Curiously enough, just about this time, a rumor floated about of a serious disagreement between the Secretary of the Navy and a certain High Official.

But though the papers said nothing about it, Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee, knowing of the collapse of the L., T. and S. B. J. R. Co., guessed that the "Penelope" had left Lima, and his spirits sank. He saw his chances vanishing before his eyes. He was separated from his cousin. Mrs. Eli Bigbee and her charming niece, as the fashion papers phrased it, were spending a few weeks at the residence of the High Official, in Lenox, where his maiden sister kept house for that illustrious bachelor. Mrs. Eli Bigbee's son had no invitation to join them.

Out of his depression, however, came a great idea. Love was doing a great deal for this lover. Twenty or thirty years of the same sort of thing might have made a clever man of him. Never had Claude Alphonse entertained the idea that the prolonged absence of the "Penelope" was due to anything save the merest chance. Yet now he began to think that that absence might possibly be still further prolonged in other ways.

Mrs. Eli Bigbee's hair would have stood upon end, while the Lenox breezes fanned her matronly cheek that bright August, had she

dreamed that her son had invested heavily in a diamond-mining company in Brazil. What she would have said or done, if she had not only known this fact, but had learned the character of the company, the mind of man may not conceive.

It was about as worthless an organization as had ever offered stock on the street. It was composed of one enthusiast, one scoundrel and a dozen fools, Claude Alphonse not included.

To do the young man justice, he did not expect to get a cent of his investment back. He hoped for a return in the shape of a wife, that was all.

The "diamond mines" were situated two hundred miles up the Rio das Arenas, a stream navigable only to flat-boats and fish. But the enthusiast of the company had once casually remarked to Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee that the government ought to send an exploring expedition up to the source of the river, with a view to geographical discoveries; and Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee thought so too, especially when he heard that the district was prolific in strange and varied forms of fever and malarial diseases.

The "Penelope" was reported at Montevideo, laid up for repairs, towards the first of November; and when Congress met, in December, the enthusiast was on hand, with a large check on Mr. Claude Alphonse Bigbee's private bank account, lobbying through his little bill.

And now Claude Alphonse had a new difficulty before him. How was he to get the "Penelope" commissioned to do the work of exploration? He saw but one way. It galled his pride to ask a favor of the High Official who had not invited him to Lenox; but the High Official was his mother's friend; and he would see nothing strange in the request. The "Penelope" was the best ship in the United States Navy. It was the most natural thing in the world.

He called on the High Official who was spending a few days in the city—something he rarely did during the session of Congress. The High Official received Claude Alphonse kindly; but that young man never preferred his little request. He had scarcely introduced the subject of getting a suitable ship appointed to the duty when the High Official, with a peculiar smile, handed him the *Herald*, pointing to this paragraph:

"Congress last week appropriated \$23,500 for the exploration of the Rio das Arenas, Brazil. This river is impassable to large vessels, on account of the number of the sand-banks from which its name is derived. The 'Penelope,' U. S. N., now at Montevideo, has been ordered to proceed to the mouth of the river, whence the exploring expedition, under charge of Third Lieutenant Barnaby, will proceed up the stream."

(To be continued.)

THE AGED INDIAN'S LAMENT.

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"Warriors, I am an aged hemlock.

"The mountain-winds sigh among my withered limbs. A few more suns and I shall fall amid the solemn hush of the forest, and my place will be vacant. I shall tread the walks of the happy hunting grounds, and sing glad hal-lujahs where the worm dieth not and the fire-water is not quenched.

"Once I was the pride of my tribe and the swift-foot of the prairie. I stood with my brethren like the towering oak, and my prowess was known throughout my nation. Now I bow to the wintry blast and hump myself with a vigorous and unanimous hump.

My eagle-eye is dimmed. The fleetness of

my limbs is gone. The vigor of my youth is past. I do not shout now to my warriors, for the cliffs and rocks refuse to answer back my cry, and it sinks away like the sad moan of the low-grade refractory mule.

"When my brethren go forth to shoot the swift footed ranchman as he gambols on the hill-sides, I cower above the camp-fire and rub mutton-tallow on my favorite chilblain through the still watches of the night.

"Warriors, I yearn for immortality. The White Father has said that over yonder the life is one of uninterrupted editorial excursions. No inflammatory rheumatism can ever enter there.

"I want to be a copper-colored angel and out-fly the boss angel of the entire outfit. I want to see Pocahontas and other great men who have clomb the golden stair. I want something to eat, so as to surprise my stomach. I want a long period of rest and soul-destroying inactivity.

"Warriors, my sun is set. I have lost my grip. My features are sharpened by age, and one by one my white teeth have resigned till but two are left, and they do not seem to mash by an overwhelming majority. I cannot masticate buffalo tripe or even relish my tarantula on toast as I once could.

"My twilight is fading into evening, and the day is gone. I hear the crickets chirp in the dead grass and I know that the night is at hand. Far away upon the gentle winds I hear the soft cooing of the Colorado tom-cat, and the thump of the stove-lid as it misses the cat and strikes with a hollow, mournful sound against the corral. A few more moons and you will meet, but you will miss me. There will be one vacant chair.

"The veal-cutlet and the water-melon of the pale-face hold out no inducements to me. The circus and the ice-cream festival will miss me, for I shall be far away in the ether-blue, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. I shall be reveling in more eternal rest than I know what to do with.

"Farewell, my warriors. Make my humble grave low in the valley where the wild columbine and the Rocky Mountain flea can clamber over my last resting-place, and carve upon the slab above my head the name of Minneconjospresipitatenuxqonicatahskunkahcoquipahhahamazanpahkahkonkaska. The-cross-eyed-caterpillar-who-walks-on-his-hind-legs-and-howls-like-the-pale-face-pappoose-who-advertises-to-hold-down-the-blonde-bumble-bee."—Bill Nye and Boomerang. By Bill Nye.

He told the superintendent he wanted a pass to Chicago.

"Ah, you're a worthy citizen who has been robbed and who wants to get home," said the superintendent. "I see such every day."

"No, sir, I'm not," replied the petitioner.

"You are dying of a wound received in the war, maybe, and want to see home once more."

"Nary a wound. I played sick and stayed in the hospital while in the army."

"Did, eh? Well, maybe you've got a child dying that you want to see?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Now, well, I reckon I can guess your yarn pretty soon. You once saved a train on this road from being wrecked."

"No, I didn't."

"Well, what in thunder is your excuse for asking a pass?"

"Just this. I'm a beat and bum. I want to get to Chicago and I don't want to hoof it. I came to ask a pass on clear check."

"Well, durn your impudence, I like it. Here's your pass."

Honesty is the best policy.—*Boston Post*.

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**WHEN CRAMPED you have
no time to experiment. YOU
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FREE FROM ALL ADULTERATIONS, AND GUARAN-
TEED AS FINE AS CAN BE MADE FROM TOBACCO.

Smokers will find the OWL HAVANA CIGARETTES Pure Rice
Paper Wrappers, the best of the kind offered for sale.

THE Glasgow papers speak of one Catharine Marshall, aged fourteen, who has not taken food since the beginning of the present year. Of course no one is obliged to believe this rascally attempt of one of the effete monarchies of Europe to strip us of the proud honors bequeathed to this country by a Tanner and a Duell.—*Boston Transcript*.

IN a few days the boys will be calling around to go violet-hunting with the girls, and the girls will be ready to go violet-hunting with the boys. The violets won't be troubled much, but the crop of colds in the head will probably lead to frequent repetitions of the suggestion: "I guess you needn't turn the light down to-night, deary."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE cypruspedium stonsi variety platytodium was recently sold in London for over \$700. We instructed our agent not to buy until he could obtain the sbzkleilium stonsi variety glimsytanium. That's the kind of an orchid we hanker after.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR announces that the world cannot last above fifteen or twenty million years longer. This should warn any young woman who possesses the laudable ambition to become a great grandmother to get married immediately.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

THE wise man looketh at the bottom of the column, to see if the story is to be continued in the New York *Ledger*, but the fool takes "A Leap in the Dark," reads on and concludes with the use of profanity.—*Oil City Derrick*.

SINCE the first of January six thousand carcasses of mutton and four thousand live sheep have been shipped from Boston to Liverpool. This probably accounts for the choppy seas which voyagers have encountered for the past few months.—*Lowell Courier*.

To restore nerve and brain waste, nothing equals Hop Bitters
Believe this.

Enoch Morgan's Sons'

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR THE

TOILET and BATH.

In the BATH it acts as a flesh brush and Soap Combined.
It will remove almost instantly tar, ink, iron rust, or any stain.
Prevents CHAPPING or ROUGHNESS of either the hands or face.

TO THE LADIES.

In its effect upon the skin there is nothing to excel **HAND SAPOLIO**. Its frequent use will remove tan, stains, and blemishes from the hands and face, giving a clearness and brilliancy unattainable from any other source. Unlike all other preparations for the purpose, it does not fill up the pores of the skin, nor gloss over the imperfections, thereby rendering them more unsightly when exposed; but, by a combination of its chemical and frictional qualities, brings out that natural health-glow so much desired by ladies. It is harmless, and gives a beautiful tint to the skin.

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**FOR
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Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
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Have now in stock a large and choice assortment of Artistic fabrics for Furniture and Window Draperies. Madras and Crêpe Muslins in Oriental designs and Colorings. Superb collection of Novelties for general House Ornamentation. N. B.—Special designs furnished for Interior Decorations, etc., etc.

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SO THERE is to be no annexation of Mexico, after all. Well, that is a blessing. There aren't enough offices to go round as it is; and then we could no longer speak of Mexicanizing the government, which would have a demoralizing effect on political speakers.—*Boston Transcript.*

SPRING has come robed in green and crowned with garlands. All nature is pleased, and birds chirp forth their songs of praise to the maker of all beauty; and yet it is not quite safe to stump around without an overcoat.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A NIAGARA hackman has become conscience-stricken, and sent a Philadelphia man \$5,000, the amount charged over the legal rates for driving him around for a week.—*Phil. News.*

If you have any difficulty in spelling a familiar word, and there is no dictionary at hand, spell out as much as you are sure of and make a Carlylian flourish of the rest.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

SAY, girl, do you know why the fellow you inveigle into proposing is like a private secretary? It's because he's a-man-you-win-sis. We feel awful degraded when we read that over.—*Boston Post.*

Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, in digestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.—*Courant.*

Comfort and happiness after using one bottle German Corn Remover, price 25 cents. Sold by druggists.

Angostura Bitters do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. J. W. Hancock, 51 Broadway, N. Y.



Our illustration represents a very handsome Cloth Top Button Boot for Ladies' Wear, which can be furnished in all sizes and widths, at only

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We invite Ladies to call and inspect these goods; or will pay prompt attention to orders reaching us by mail.

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facturer **Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.**

A SAD case of disappointment has come to our notice. A few months since Jenkins had the misfortune to lose his wife, who was a notable housekeeper. After giving way to his sorrow for some weeks, the bright idea entered the brain of the widower of doing something to lessen his grief, and at the same time pay a tribute to the worth of the departed. For that purpose he called upon a maiden lady of his acquaintance, and requested a few moments' private conversation with her. Feeling sure that he was already tired of his lonely state, and come to make a proposal, she willingly acceded to the request, and with becoming resignation prepared to—accept him. The bereaved one cleared his throat and began by taking the hand of the not unwilling virgin, and then, with downcast eyes, said:

"Martha, you knew my wife."

"She was my dearest friend."

"Did you ever reflect on that part of the marriage service which says that death alone can part the wife from the husband?"

"Alas! yes."

"Now, death has parted me from my wife, and I feel very lonely. I think I must do something, and I have come to make you a proposal."

And he pressed her fingers softly and sighed. The lady returned the pressure and waited to hear further, while she blushed and covered her face with the disengaged hand.

"I'll come to the point at once," he proceeded. "You know my wife was an excellent cook, and has left behind her a heap of manuscript receipts. I have decided on giving them to the public, so, if you will help me to arrange and classify them correctly, we will go halves in the profit of their publication."

She sprang from his side full of indignation and resentment, and murmuring something like "I'll see you blessed first," vanished from his astonished gaze. Jenkins sighed, took his hat and went home, and the cook-book is still uncompiled.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

[New York Union.]
DID HIM GOOD.

Mr. Charles H. Bauer, editor of the above paper and Notary Public, in a late issue mentions the following: Patrick Kenny, Esq., some time ago, suffered from rheumatism and tried almost every means to rid himself of this painful evil, but in vain. He was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, which he did so successfully that all pain has left him and he is as healthy and strong as ever before. Mr. Kenny is an enthusiastic advocate of St. Jacobs Oil, and it has done him good.

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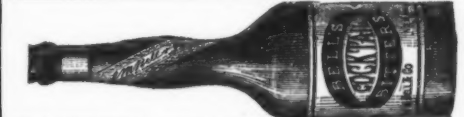
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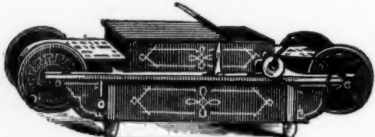


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THE ARAB AND HIS DONKEY.

An Arab came to the river side,
With a donkey bearing an obelisk;
But he would not try to ford the tide,
For he had too good an *.

—Boston Globe.

So he camped all night by the river side,
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell,
For he knew should the donkey from life subside,
He never would find its ||.

—Salem Sunbeam.

When the morning dawned, and the tide was out,
The pair cross'd over 'neath Allah's protection,
And the Arab was happy, we have no doubt,
For he had the best donkey in all that §.

—Summerville Journal.

WHEN we are old, Claude, we shall still be lovers," she said, gazing into his eyes with the rapture of a gifted woman who writes poetry for the Boston papers. "The warm hues of our youthful affection shall never fade, but only grow brighter as we draw nearer to the sunset. We shall still sit out in the hush of the summer eves and feed our souls on the poetry of the stars, shall we not?"

"Well, hardly," answered Claude, "unless you want me to remain up till daybreak basting your old back with arnica."

'Then she bit off a fresh chunk of chewing-gum and the only sound that broke the silence was the crunching of her gold-plugged molars.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

[Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan Co., News.]

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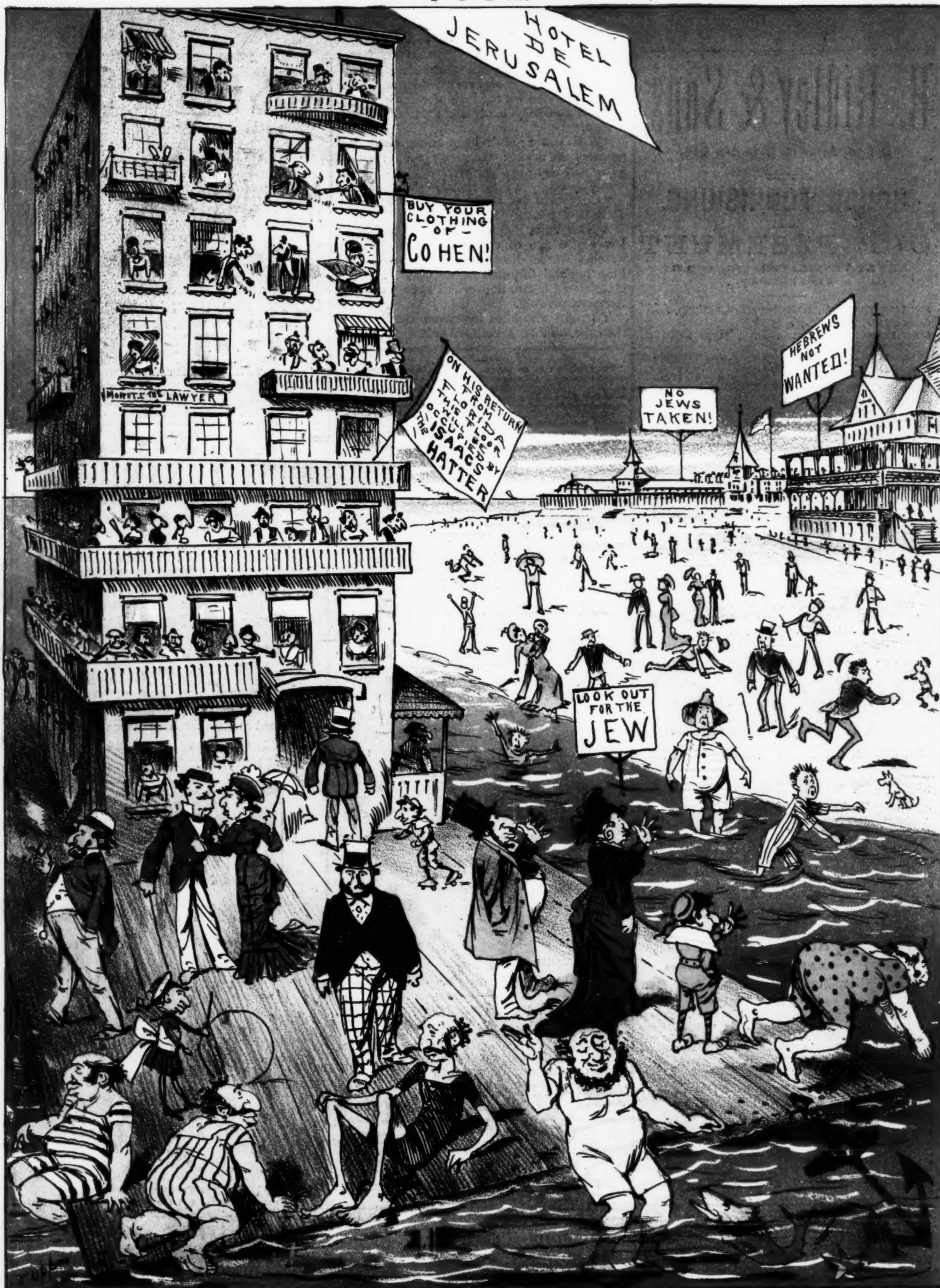


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